

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

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REV. DR. STEPHEN, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

REV. MR. DAVENPORT, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M. Services Friday 7 P. M.

REV. MR. SPILLER, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

REV. MR. KNOX, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 P. M.

REV. MR. KENNEDY, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 P. M. Young People's Prayer meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M.

REV. MR. KESSLIN, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

REV. MR. BELLON, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

REV. MR. BELLON, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

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Selected Poetry.

SLEEP, MY HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY F. W. WEBSTER.

Sleep, heart, in peace!—The hours
Of night bring to the flowers
The dew that clings and bides,
And ease their weariness.
Sleep, heart, in peace!—Night's rooping,
Finds life itself is sleeping;
An age of God, the moon,
Keeps watch through night's calm noon.
Sleep, heart, in peace! thus finding,
From fear and grief, unbinding,
He who is everywhere
Will hold thee in his care.
Sleep, heart, in peace! and ever
From life's fancies sever;
Grow strong through faith, and find
In hope a cheerful mind.
Sleep, heart, in peace, unfearing!
And if, to thee appearing,
Death cometh in the night,
Thou'lt wakest thou to light.

LOST LOVE.

Thatch of palm and a patch of clover,
Breath of balm and a field of brown;
The clouds blow up and the birds flow over,
And I looked up, but who looked down?
Who was true in the test that tried us?
Who was it mocked? Who now may mourn?
The loss of a love that a cross denied us,
With folded hands and a heart forlorn?
And forgive when the fair forgot us,
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear,
Why, who can measure? The fates beest us—
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—Guilt Frames—Prison windows.
—Forced Politeness—Bowling to necessity.
—Motto for Grocers—Honest tea is the best policy.
—Something that doesn't mind pinching—snuff.
—Louisville boasts of a woman who can talk 410 words a minute.
—A shoe-dealer in Broadway advertises "Woman's Rights—and Lefts."
—A dandy on shore is bad enough, but a swell on the sea is sickening.
—A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house there, 20,000 tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."
—The Indianapolis Sentinel thinks that the man who started a bathroom in Union City was enterprising but rash and reckless.
—A scandalous libeller says that the friendship of two young ladies is always a plot against a third one. We only quote to confute.
—After the chaplain of the Wisconsin State Prison had taught a convict how to write, the fellow forged an order by which he made his escape.
—A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.
—It is now claimed that the architect of the great wall of China was a woman, but a woman wouldn't do anything to keep men out in that way.
—A lady's hat, trimmed in the height of the fashion, and nicely packed in a band-box, was carried by the United States mail from Maine to California for eleven cents postage.
—It is said that the Maine publishers who lately met at Augusta were "the very wisest and the most virtuous little crowd of men in the seediest of last year's clothes that ever met in the State."
—That was a delicate compliment given by a ragged newsboy to the pretty girl who bought a paper of him. "Poor little fellow," said she, "ain't you very cold?" "I was, ma'am, before you passed," he replied.
—A western paper, with well-developed mathematical tendencies, calculates that California has raised wheat enough to furnish the flour to put a griddle cake two inches wide around the earth in forty minutes.
—The patients in the Lunatic Asylum at Tuscaloosa, Alabama are publishing a newspaper called the Meteor. Zeb Crummett says this is nothing new, Lunatics have been publishing newspapers ever since he can remember.
—O, the snow, the beautiful snow; such a hunkey thing, you know; bluing your nose and chilling your toes; as whirling along the street it goes. No silly praise, not any for Joe, for that coldest of frauds, the beautiful snow.
—At a recent Connecticut wedding, in repeating the words, "if you know of any just cause," etc., the minister looked at a nervous young man directly in front of him. The fellow sprang up with much haste and trepidation, and blurted out, "Oh, no, bless me! not the slightest objection, sir."

A Woman at the Bottom of it.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside his evening paper, and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am fast growing out of patience with this text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would not occasionally be found at the bottom of a scrape. A woman, mind you, is never accused of being at the bottom of anything good! It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are hundreds of us poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we can hope to become, in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly, so much so that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the further corner of the room, inquired: "But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be. We haven't thought much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! and you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life-history that I have always kept locked in my heart, but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am worthy to be, the husband of a good woman."

"Why John," said Mrs. Haviland softly approaching—baby still held tight to her bosom—"You absolutely frighten me. Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be anticipated; and John commenced, at first a little timidly, but gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years to seek my fortune, I could call myself precocious without any danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths that he dropped with a naturalness that surprised myself, even. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indigestible stomach-wrenchings, I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of 'em."

"Oh, John," interrupted Mrs. Haviland, "True, every word of it," continued the speaker.

"One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by a lady said very softly and pleasantly: 'Would you please little boy be more careful, I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled.'"

I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest, and loving, to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel.

"What in the world did you say," interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did for some time was to look. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon."

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same low tones.

"No ma'am," I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and knew that I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am, no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither, ma'am."

"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has his mother been dead?" and the dear woman looked away from my face, and waited till I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

"And you loved her?" came next.

"Dearly," was all I could say. She was silent for a moment, and then said so sweetly—oh! I shall never forget it—"and what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek where the tell-tale cud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card, and if you can come to me most any evening, I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day, I shall never forget the sensations of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing—with her, I could grow to man's estate—a man in the truest

sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could muster courage I called upon the lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat, as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point of my life, and before I bade her good-bye it was arranged that I should spend two evenings each week at her house, and I was to read and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meetings with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to these evenings with my friend.

I grew careful of my personal appearance—careful of my conversation, and strove in every way, to be worthy this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. No body but God knows what I owe this woman. During the last three months of those two years, I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I am only a little tired—that's all."

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, to last for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I enquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John!"

"I think you can, ma'am," I answered almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before very long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died soon afterward; and when I hear folks saying 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a

The Obstinate Man.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it does but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His skill is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slightest and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scrap of his freedom; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

A Boy's Journal.

Dorcy, a boy eight years old, thinks he will do as other men have done.

March 12.—Have resolved to keep a journal.

March 13.—Had roast beef for dinner, and cabbage and potato and apple sauce and rice pudding. I do not like rice pudding when it is like ours. Charley Slack's kind is really good. Mush and sirup for tea.

March 19.—Forgot what did. John and I saved our pie to take to school.

March 21.—Forgot what did. Griddle cake for breakfast. Debby didn't fry snuff.

March 24.—This is Sunday. Corn beef for dinner. Studied my Bible lesson. Aunt Isy said I was greedy. Have resolved not to think so much about things to eat. Wish I was a better boy. Nothing particular for tea.

March 25.—Forgot what did.

March 27.—Forgot what did.

March 29.—Played.

March 31.—Forgot what did.

April 1.—Have decided not to keep a journal any more.

THE GERMAN METHOD OF INSTRUCTION.

The vast political influence Germany has amongst European powers, the world-wide glory her schools have attained, the noble achievements in science and industry of which the present century is justly proud, are to a great extent due to the methods of instruction followed in the land of the "thinkers."

These methods are the Socratical, according to which the teacher mostly speaks, yet, by frequent questions, secures the attention of the scholar and instigates his own thinking, and the Catechetical, the fair play of questions and answers, where the scholar thinks and speaks almost alone. It is true the Germans have not invented these methods. For neither Socrates nor Jesus of Nazareth were Germans; the old Catechists lived in Alexandria and Antiochia. Bonaventura was an Italian, Gerson and Wickliffe Englishmen, Pestalozzi a Swiss. But the Germans understood Socrates as well as Jesus, brooded over and extended Pestalozzi's genial ideas and raised the Catechetical art in Dinter and Graser to mastership.

As the American way of teaching is diametrically opposed to the German, I venture to state briefly the leading principles of the latter, being fully persuaded that its introduction into the schools of this great Republic will produce the most wholesome effect. Plain and simple are the fundamental ideas of instruction. Start from what is perceptible through the senses; thence go in the course of time as far as you can and to what heights and depths as you like. But proceed slowly from easier things to those more difficult, and take no step where the child cannot follow you with a full understanding. Illustrate every intention, analyze every conception, render the instruction perceptible to the senses wherever it is possible and answering the purpose. Show, however, nothing to the child that itself can find, tell it nothing that itself can tell; but help it that it may seek and find; help it that the obscure be perspicuous, the anticipated intelligible, the conjectured certain and positive. Let it work and think with you uninterruptedly and do not forget the great truth that man can only make advantageous use of what he clearly and thoroughly understands, and that development of mental power and cultivation of heart are the principal objects of instruction.

It is evident that, to attain this end, the

Questions accurately formed and well ordered are the lever to bring the treasure of knowledge to light. They must tend to one aim and be short, simple, defined, clear and concise; they must take up the answer the child gives and be directed by this answer in order to remove errors, make up deficiencies, and render obscurities perspicuous. There is nothing like these questions in elementary instruction; the teacher cannot dispense with them, if he really aims at mental development. In the course of time he gradually deserts the Catechetical method and espouses the Socratical. He now limits the questions because the necessity of questions is limited. As the scholar proceeds he gets skilled in the art of hearing, seeing and thinking, he is enabled to comprehend trains of thoughts in their connections and meaning, he masters a multitude of conceptions and facts, and perceives the competency of various opinions. He is able to survey greater spheres and to concentrate his attention self-actively for a longer time. Thus the teacher no longer feels the necessity of almost uninterrupted questioning. Questioning ceases to be frequent but remains highly important, for the teacher wishes to be sure of the scholar's following up his thoughts, anticipates difficulties, presumes doubts, prevents errors, enforces self-thinking, recalls previous matters and paves the way for new and longer trains of thought. Finally, he does not neglect the memory, and takes care to cultivate it in the lessons of grammar, geography, history, etc.

These are the principles of instruction, which, however, none but a competent teacher can successfully employ. And which one is competent? Only he who perfectly masters his subject and is thoroughly trained in the difficult art of communicating knowledge to others. For any one entirely dependent on the text-book is a slave, and enslaves the minds of his scholars instead of giving it unbounded liberty of thought. He is nothing but a teaching-machine, and a disgrace to his noble calling. Text-books may be used to guide the way, but he is the best pedagogue who, independent of any such thing, in brisk dialogue with his thinking scholars, follows his own way and never loses sight of the point at which he aims.

SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—It is not generally known that pounded alum possesses the quality of purifying water. A table-spoonful of it sprinkled into a hog-head of water, (the water stirred at the time), will after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness of pure spring water. A pailful of water containing four gallons can be purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

Items of Early History.

Philip Carteret was the first Governor of New Jersey, elected in 1665, and held his office about ten years. His salary was 50 pounds a year, payable in country produce at prices fixed by law. The Assembly met at Elizabethtown, though on some occasions it changed to other places.

The first constitution of the colony was granted in 1685 by Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, they being the principal owners of the province, but Lord Berkeley having become dissatisfied with the pecuniary prospects of his adventures, sold out to other parties, who, in time, becoming involved, this part of the province came into the hands of William Penn and two others as Trustees, who afterward disposed of the property, and from that time the population increased very fast. A large proportion of the emigrants for a time were of the society of Friends, through the influence of Penn and his associates.

They were so numerous that all could not be provided for; some were obliged to lay their beds and furniture in low stalls and apartments of that sort, and among the "inconveniences" to which they were exposed, the snakes were plenty enough to be frequently seen about and in the buildings they occupied.

Sir George Carteret, sole proprietor of East Jersey, by will ordered the Province to be sold to pay his debts, which was done by his widow and executors, to Wm. Penn and eleven others, who were then called the Twelve Proprietors. They published a very descriptive account of the country, giving in a glowing manner, a statement of the climate, soil, the great variety of fish and the abundance of wild deer, fowl, etc. There were at that time about 700 families and 3,500 inhabitants.

Some of their first laws were just and good but others were quite severe, as follows:

That persons resisting authority should be punished at the discretion of the court.

That for burglary and highway robbery, was for the first offense burning in the hand, for the second, burning on the forehead and for the third, death.

For stealing, treble restitution, for the second offense, as the court saw fit, even to death if the party seemed incorrigible, but if not and unable to make restitution, to be sold for satisfaction or to receive corporal punishment.

their father or mother, unless providing thereto for self preservation) upon complaint of, and proof from their parents, were to be punished with death.

That for night walking and reveling after the hour of nine o'clock, the parties were to be secured by the constable till morning, and then, not giving a satisfactory account to the magistrate, to be bound over to the next court, and then receive such punishment as should be inflicted.

No person was to wear any pocket pistol, stiletto, dirk, or any other unusual weapons upon him upon pain of five pounds forfeiture for the first offense, and for the second to be imprisoned for six months and pay a fine of ten pounds. The public would be much safer if that law was in full force at the present time.

Two Ladies Learn a Lesson.

A short time since a lady in San Francisco opened a letter addressed to her husband, and found in it a circular from a firm that offered to send a large amount of counterfeit money for a small sum in greenbacks. The counterfeit money was described as being so admirably gotten up as to defy detection, and the circular was eloquent as to the fortune which the firm thus placed within the grasp of every enterprising citizen.

The wife showed the circular to her mother, and the two were struck with the idea. They sent fifty dollars to the firm, and awaited the arrival of the counterfeit money—one thousand dollars—with feelings of irrepressible impatience. After a time a gentleman called, who bore the name of the senior member of the firm, to hand them the counterfeit money in person. The ladies received him privately in the parlor, and when they extended their hands to receive five hundred dollars apiece, the gentleman, to their horror, slipped handkerchiefs on their wrists, and announced himself to be a United States detective. Then followed screams, fainting, and a harrowing scene. The husband was sent for. He came. The wife told her story, and the letters were removed from her own and her mother's wrist and the detective left, but the lesson which the occurrence taught the two women still remains.

SHADOW OR TREES.—When the sun is shining so that the tree casts a shadow, set a stick upright near the termination of the shadow of the tree. Mark the extremity of the shadow of the stick and also of the tree. Then as the length of the stick's shadow is to the length of the stick, so is the length of the tree's shadow to the height of the tree.

They burn mountain mahogany and fir-wood for fuel, at Silver City, Idaho, at 80 per cord.

